

THE NEWS

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PARIS : : : KENTUCKY

OLD FARMER GRUDGE.

Old farmer Grudge was determined to struggle in the same old way that his father went; to toil and to slave, to pinch and to save. Nor spend on pleasure a single cent. His tools were few, and rusty, too. For want of the new-fangled drop of oil, that creaky and slow they were forced to go, and added much to his daily toil.

His crops were scant, for he would not plant enough to cover his narrow field. But grumbled and growled, and always scowled. At harvest over the meagre yield. And from paltry store on the threshing floor. From gazing now, and neglected him. Would voices cry as he passed them by: "You can't take out what you don't put in!"

Old farmer Grudge was a doleful drudge, and in his dwelling and on his land. 'Twas plain to be seen he was shrewd and keen. And managed all with a miserly hand. There was little wood, there was little food. Oh, bare, indeed, was the pantry-shelf. But he took no heed of another's need. So he was warmed and well-fed himself.

The wife, it was true, would skimp and scrow. Piece and patch, and some way plan. As a woman will with amazing skill. Who is tied for life to a stingy man. But, when she sighed for the things denied—The books and comforts, and larger life. Of which she dreamed, and for which she schemed.

When consenting to be Farmer Grudge's wife.

But Farmer Grudge not an inch would budge. From the path his penurious father trod; But though very rich, would work in a ditch. All day, and at dusk in a corner no. And his girls and boys, bereft of the joys That others had, were disposed to roam. And to spend, profuse, nor put to use. The lessons they had been taught at home.

When Ellen, his pride, and his youngest, died, Old Farmer Grudge was so much depressed. 'Twas really believed that the old man grieved. And thus his fatherly love confessed. But as over the dead he shook his head, Economy still was in his thought. For he said, with a groan and a mournful moan: "Now all that good 'larnin' is gone for naught!"

Death took his wife—she was weary of life, Starved to death in a cruel way. For never a word of love she heard. To sweeten her crust from day to day. From his home one morn the farmer was borne. And though little to comfort another he gave. His neighbors more kind were not inclined. To grudge him the space required for a grave. —Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

Hazing Freshman Solberg.

Solberg was effeminate in appearance and not more than five feet four inches in height, with slight form and a pale face. Notwithstanding this, he acquired and retained, all through his Freshman year, the reputation of being the most expert boxer, and withal the "heaviest" man in a melee, that ever entered our college.

This disproportionate reputation was gained by a single act, or adventure, but the facts in the case were not known until Solberg was in his senior year. He then gave the true version of the story at one of our class dinners. At commencement, the class historian incorporated a humorous account of it in the class annals, which was read, to the great amusement of the audience.

Up to that time there had been a good deal of "hazing" at P—. The first week after our class entered, Solberg was marked as a "victim" by the Sophomores of the class above us. For though so small and so slight of build, he had already committed the indiscretion of appearing on the campus with a cane in his hand. It was whispered, too, that he had "tall hat" in his room, which he designed to wear on Sundays.

Cane and "stove-pipe hats" were then the undisputed prerogatives of the Sophomores. They allowed no freshman to sport these supposed emblems of manly dignity, and various were the penalties which they inflicted on the "Freshies" who ventured to make a display of them. There was the "Thompsonian treatment," which consisted in introducing the nozzle of a hose, connected with the pump, down the back of the Freshman neck, or up a leg of his pantaloons, and then vigorously using the pump handle for two or three minutes.

There was the "plain duck," which was the simple inversion of a water-bucket—two or three perhaps—from the second or third-story window upon the head of the unsuspecting Freshman who was walking below.

There was also the "midnight vigil," for the keeping of which the newly-arrived undergraduate was first seized in his bed, blindfolded, and then "lost" by devious windings through a neighboring grove, to be subsequently bound to a tree and left to confer with the owls during the remainder of the night.

Somewhat similar to this last method of ill-treatment was the "gathered-to-bis-fathers" method, which consisted in taking out the bewildered victim of Sophomore displeasure, at dead of night, to a remote old grave-yard, where he was stretched on his back upon one of the sarcophagus-shaped tombs, and then bound fast to the memorial slab which served as a lid to the stone chest.

He was left to "count the stars" and commune with silent nature for the rest of the night, or until his cries or struggles brought relief from some chance source.

Then, too, there was the "barber's frolic," during which the devoted Freshman's head was either wholly or half shaven.

These are but a few of the ways of "hazing" then in vogue, but they will serve to convey some idea of the dangers which beset a lower classman who fell into disfavor with the Sophomores, or who showed any symptoms whatever of "putting on style," or asserting his personal independence.

By the second week of the term, Solberg had been twice "ducked" while going to or returning from recitations. His room, too, had been forcibly entered, and the reported tall hat roughly searched for. Our wary classmate had, however, taken the precaution to conceal the hat in the room of a friend.

The following morning he found the mysterious notice posted on his door, hinting darkly that if a certain Freshman was again seen supporting his tottering steps with a cane, "Cain" would be raised in his behalf on short notice.

Hot with inward rage, Solberg brooded over these insults, and vainly longed for the strength of Achilles to set his tormentors at defiance. He

regarded it as brutal tyranny, a mean triumph of the strong over the weak; and out of the simmering of his wrath he conceived a method of retaliation that was at once striking and effective.

There was then living in the outskirts of the town a man who had achieved a wide notoriety, in a profession which the good sense of the country has since seen fit to restrict by stringent legal penalties.

"Old Breeze Fogarty," as he was called, had been a professional pugilist and prize-fighter. For some years he had held the heavy-weight championship in a certain great city, whose pugilistic celebrities often obtain far larger and more frequent mention, in the public press, than the nature of their craft, or the taste of the people at large, seems to require.

In his retirement, this former prize-fighter was tending a "saloon"—a business often entered upon by decayed gentry of his stamp—and by way of keeping up his "manly practice," he would occasionally punish some bullying customer—to the great admiration of the crop of younger roughs who made his place their nightly resort.

But this was not often, for the brawny, ponderous old bruiser was a rather good-natured animal at heart, and if he sometimes struck hard, it was rather in the cause of his "science" than out of malice.

To this unsavory personage young Solberg applied, calling on him not at his saloon, but at his hotel, on private business. He had, I think, good reasons for putting the Sophomores and their coarse tyranny on a level with roughs and prize-fighters and their methods of self-assertion. One was well matched against the other.

Solberg stated his case to the ex-prize-fighter and unfolded a plan of operations. As he was a young gentleman of means, he had no difficulty in securing the offices of the good-natured bully—all the more readily, perhaps, because the old king of the ring may have been sighing in spirit over the too peaceful life into which public sentiment had latterly forced him.

It was arranged that immediately after dark that evening "Old Breeze" should go quietly to Solberg's room at the college, and place himself at this young gentleman's disposal.

Meantime our threatened Freshman went about the business of his studies for the rest of the day, but during the afternoon he took occasion to indulge in a walk about the college campus, and carried his cane as usual. The better to show his contempt of the insulting notice placed on his door, he twirled it after the most foppish fashion of the day.

The Sophomores saw him and boiled up with indignation. The Freshman was defying them. Word was rapidly passed among the faithful, and a class-meeting was called to take immediate action.

The charge was, that Freshman Solberg had not only been out with a cane, since he had been specially warned, but had flourished it defiantly.

All the Sophs agreed that he must be dealt with summarily; and the unanimous vote was that he should suffer the "Thompsonian treatment" that very night, and then be "gathered-to-bis-fathers."

Solberg felt that the crisis was approaching. At twilight he retired to his room and locked the door. About half an hour later his heart was glad-glad to hear three taps on the panel. The pugilist had not failed him.

A whispered consultation was held. The preliminaries were arranged, and the man of the ring was hidden away under the bed, upon a blanket and pillow.

Solberg then trimmed his lamp, and fell to work upon his next morning's Odyssey lesson. Old Breeze snored.

Ten o'clock struck, and still no movement on the part of the Sophomores; but not very long after, Solberg heard muffled footfalls outside his door, and low voices in the hall.

He blew out his lamp and hastened to shake the slumbering Ajax under the bed. "The Philistines are upon us, Fogarty!"

"Ay, sor, and it's fun we'll have thin!" was the hoarse whisper from beneath.

A few minutes later they heard a loud and peremptory knock. Solberg threw himself upon the bed, but after a decent pause called out:—

"Who's there?"

"The Vigilance Committee," was the stern response. "Open!"

"I know no Vigilance Committee," replied Solberg. I decline to open my door at this unreasonable hour."

"Open your door within one minute, or we will burst it!" was the next summons.

"Burst my door at your peril, gentlemen!" cried Solberg. "I warn you."

This defiance was soon followed by a heavy blow as if from a log of wood—then another—and another.

With the third blow the bolt was torn from its socket, the door flew open, and in rushed three Sophs to seize the rebellious cane-flourisher.

But at this juncture uprose old Breeze, met them before they reached the middle of the room in the conscious glory of his old renown—while Solberg, rolling off on the back side of the bed, took his place under it. The foremost Soph, as he rushed forward, received a blow which fairly threw him out into the hall. A like infliction on the nose of the second man landed him in a breathless condition over the table into the glass door of a book case; the third Soph was struck by the open palm of the prize-fighter on the ear, followed by a sledge blow in the ribs, by which he was hurled—in company with a chair and two hassocks—out beneath the staircase in the hall, where he lay very quiet for some time.

A shout rose from the invaders. Within the room all was silent. It was too dark for them to see what the force was against them, but they rallied. They were too plucky to give up, even if three of their men were disabled.

They had not given Solberg credit for such pluck and muscle, but they would not have the mortification of not taking him from his room.

Eight or ten of them now made a desperate rush together into the room, to overpower him. Old Breeze allowed several of them to come in, and then went to work in earnest.

He was just warming up to it, and

his big, hard fists made the round of their heads with astonishing rapidity. Solberg lay under the bed and shook with laughter, being amply solaced for the crashes among his furniture by the resounding thumps on the craniums of his enemies.

Two of the invaders were hurried out through the mosquito nets and landed on the ground beneath the windows; the rest were knocked sprawling into corners.

By way of finishing up the encounter, the old brute pitched these last out into the hall, as if they had been so many sacks of bran, and shut the door. He then calmly sat down on the bed, while Solberg came out from under it. They remained silent, waiting further developments.

But no further developments came. The wounded were too numerous to make a rally acceptable on the part of the Sophs. They had enough. Some of them, indeed, had quite too much, and required to be assisted to their rooms. There were no further demonstrations at Solberg's door, and after waiting an hour or two, he dismissed his rough assistant and sent him on his way with a liberal fee.

Ten Sophomores were absent from prayers and early recitation the next morning. The excuses rendered by them were various. It is said that their recitation-room, for the ensuing week, presented so diversified and obtrusive an array of black eyes and bandaged heads, that the matter became the subject of a Faculty meeting.

Meantime, it was rumored throughout the college that the new Freshman, Solberg, was a trained pugilist—a terrible fellow!

Solberg himself made no comment on these stories. He flourished his cane, and at proper intervals sported his tall hat during the entire year; but for some reason or other not one of the Sophs dared to lay hands on him, or to presume on his conduct.—H. A. Gordon, in Youth's Companion.

Puts and Calls.

"I believe you have gambled in Wall street Mr. Breezy," said Mrs. Breezy, helping her lord and master to a cup of coffee.

"I have speculated a little in stocks, dear, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Breezy, unfolding his napkin.

"Same thing," said Mrs. Breezy. "you can call it speculation; I know it's gambling. How do they do it, anyway? I read about puts and calls and straddles, and buy a three's, but I never can make any head or trail out of it. I suppose it's all some horrid slang you men have invented."

"Well, no, dear," said Mr. Breezy, helping his better two-thirds to a chop, "it isn't exactly slang. You see, for instance, I buy a hundred short."

"You do what?" cried Mrs. Breezy. "I buy a hundred short," repeated Mr. Breezy.

"Well, what in the name of common sense do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Breezy. "Why don't you talk United States—I mean English? You buy a hundred short, and what has short got to do with it?"

"If you will give me time I will explain, my dear," said Mr. Breezy. "You see if a man is long on stock he is—"

"Long on stock?" said Mrs. Breezy. "Now, what are you getting to? First you are short and then you are long. What does a man want to get on a stock for, anyway?"

"My dear, if you will allow me—"

"To be sure. Go ahead. Tell me something about Wall street, but don't talk nonsense," said Mrs. Breezy.

"Well, my dear, we will suppose that I have a put on Wabash, and—"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Breezy. "Will you or will you not talk in a language I can understand? What is Wabash, anyway? I suppose it is another slang term?"

"No, that's a stock," said Mr. Breezy; "you see, dear, if I have a call on Wabash or Northwestern—"

"If you call on the Northwest?" cried Mrs. Breezy; are you really going mad, Mr. Breezy? Well, I might expect as much from the life you have led recently. What with clubs and politics you are going headlong to some terrible fate."

"My dear, it will be impossible for me to explain anything unless you will give me five minutes to do it in said Mr. Breezy, with unusual warmth.

"Now, at the beginning of this week Omaha preferred started at 106½ and 105—"

"Omaha preferred?" asked Mr. Breezy. "What is preferred? Who preferred it? What has Omaha got to do with New York and Wall street anyway, and what do you mean by 106½?"

"I shall have to give it up," said Mr. Breezy, in a despairing voice.

"No, Mr. Breezy, I have started out to know something about Wall street, and I won't allow you to get out of it in that way," said Mrs. Breezy, setting herself more firmly in her chair. "Now, Mr. Breezy, you will please drop slang and come to something I can understand. For instance, what is a bull-bear?"

"Ha, ha, ha—oh!" laughed Mr. Breezy.

"What do you mean by laughing at me, Mr. Breezy? I'm sure I—"

"Ho, ho, ha—oh!" and Mr. Breezy fairly doubled up with laughter.

"Mr. Breezy, you haven't the manners of a savage," cried Mrs. Breezy, pushing back her chair, "and I don't believe you know any more about Wall street than a two weeks' old baby," and Mrs. Breezy made haste to the kitchen to take revenge upon the cook.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A daring outrage was committed in Calcutta not long ago by a Mahomedan cook, who had been discharged by his mistress. Determining upon revenge, he entered the house of this lady secretly, and deliberately went to work to cut up all her dresses. Then he stole into her bedroom, where she lay asleep, and began cutting her hair. Suddenly the lady awoke and started up, almost running one of her eyes against a point of the Mahomedan's scissors. This ingenious miscreant has been sent to prison, where he will labor at something more arduous than hair-cutting for a year.

A spread of canvas on a vessel is for sail or to rent.—N. Y. News.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The fashion news from Paris is that in some of the new evening toilets for women the left shoulder is wholly bared.

—The Society of Friends has repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly two hundred years.

—The New York Times Saratoga correspondent says the leading hotel men are opposed to horse-racing at Saratoga, declaring that it does them more harm than good.

—Rome, Ga., is howling over its new directory, and the compiler of it has fled to the mountains. Prominent church members and business men appear as bar-keepers in the directory.—Atlanta Constitution.

—The anti-toy-pistol law seems to have been well enforced in Maine. Not an accident is attributed to the weapon in the State this year, as far as known. Last year six deaths were caused by it.—Boston Post.

—John H. Starin the great steamboat man of New York, recently gave a free excursion to 1,000 policemen. They left their clubs behind, but took with them their wives and 107 babies. Besides the babies, there were two bands to furnish music.—N. Y. Herald.

—The other day a tumor was removed from the hand of a little boy residing in Canandaigua. In this tumor was found a piece of wooden toothpick, one and one-half inches long. Neither parents nor child had any knowledge as to how or when it came there.—Utica (N. Y.) Herald.

—The wild Western cowboy may suffer, forgive and forget, but there is one thing he will not condone—a horse-thief and his works. An Indian horse-thief was lassoed and dragged to death at Lewiston, Idaho, by white cowboys for attempting to sell them stolen horses.—Chicago Tribune.

—A medical journal says that sneezing can be stopped by plugging the nostrils with cotton-battling. Is a man expected to take a roll of cotton-battling to church with him? An easier way than that is to press the finger upon the upper lip. That will stop sneezing immediately.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Stomachs as well as minds give way because of the too intense commercial life of the race. Dr. Mandley attributes the ills to hasty living, hurry and rush, and declares that it is wrong to charge a breaking stomach to the use of coffee, and the sick can drink a certain amount with benefit.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A nurse in an insane asylum says "We outlive quickly all fear of our patients. For we know by a peculiarity in the eye of each one when a dangerous outbreak is at hand; and finally we reach so callous a stage that sane people outside seem for the nonce lunatics, while the maniacs seem sane."—Chicago Journal.

—There is no greater mistake in the world, wrote Leigh Hunt, than that looking upon every sort of nonsense as a want of sense. The difference between nonsense not worth talking and nonsense worth it is simply this—the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them.—German Town Telegraph.

—Thomas Burrage, believed to be the oldest barber in the United States, has been engaged in the business on Fairfax street, Alexandria, Va., for sixty-nine years, succeeding William Wood, whose shop was established in 1762. Wood was the successor of one Martini, who was the valet of General Braddock, and was left behind after the defeat of the Fort Duquesne expedition.

—The presence of the hoodlum in New York is explained by the fact that there are from fifteen to twenty thousand and young boys there homeless and dependent on themselves for a living, which some of them get honestly. In Hartford, on the other hand, the *Courant* says the rough, disorderly class of boys fast drifting into crime are largely recruited from respectable people.

—Dr. Baker Edwards, the Government Analyst, has analyzed the so-called soda-water sold by many apothecaries in Montreal, and reports that nearly all of them contain traces of lead, iron, or copper, and that one sample was so largely impregnated with copper and lead as to be a dangerous beverage. He further says that none of the samples contained soda, only aerated water.—Chicago Times.

—The French are ready for any enterprise, it matters not of what plausibility. It is said of them that they have subscribed \$150,000 to pay the expenses of an expedition to dredge the Red Sea for impediments belonging to Pharaoh's army. While they are at it, why not scale down Ararat and uncover Noah's ark? They might find some bread in the locker, and if they did it would be a deal easier masticated than is the ordinary steel-plated French bread.—Indianapolis Journal.

—The monument to Dr. J. G. Holland, in the Springfield Cemetery, has been completed by placing in position the fine bronze bas-relief of the journalist. The monument itself is of a beautiful blue stone of even grain, dense texture, and fine dove color or slate. It takes inscription perfectly and reveals every line clearly. It is about six feet by seven at the base, above which is a plinth with tablets; above the plinth, after two or three small steps, rises a short rectangular shaft, with Ionic pilasters upon its four corners, supporting a scroll. The shaft bears upon its face the relief, which is the striking feature of the whole. This represents Doctor Holland's face in profile, and is an admirable likeness of him in a reflective mood.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

—The eve of St. John the Baptists' day in Rome, is observed by all classes. Huge cloves of garlic are displayed on sticks along the sidewalks, in houses, churches, and booths, giving off a rank and offensive odor. This is partially overcome by the perfume from the carnations and branches of sweet lavender, both of which are scattered around profusely. The gay crowd stays up all night eating snails, drinking red wine, singing and love-making. The streets are given up to the populace entirely until three o'clock in the morning, when the omnibuses resume operations.

Beware of the Fruit Can.

In almost every household canned goods are used. In view of this fact it becomes of some interest to know that it is not always safe to use the material confined for any length of time in tin cans for human food. Recent investigations carried on in different cities of the Union, and by different persons trained to scientific research, tend to show this much. A Baltimore man who is thoroughly familiar with the processes employed there in canning goods admits that the flux for the solder which is used in sealing the cans very often gets inside the can while it is being made ready for packing and the trade. This flux is a mixture of zinc and other things, a saturated solution of zinc and muriatic acid, which is an active poison. There is a law in Maryland forbidding the use of this flux in canning goods, but it has been a dead letter for a number of years. The reason the big houses all prefer this flux is that it makes a neater job and is more convenient than resin.

A series of investigations carried on by A. H. Chester, Professor of Chemistry in Hamilton College, New York, showed that not only is the meat packed away in tin cans frequently of the poorest quality and even unhealthy, but that the flux which penetrated into the can entered into a chemical combination with the meat and formed a poisonous scum on top, often hardly perceptible to the naked eye. While this poisonous meat will not show any injurious effects in persons whose mode of life brings about a great deal of exercise, especially those living in the open air, it will have a most disastrous effect upon persons of sedentary habits or in delicate health. Professor S. A. Lattimore, demonstrator of analytical chemistry at the University of Rochester, N. Y., tested a number of cans containing tomatoes or fruit of various kinds. While he did not find any traces of putrefaction, as the germs of fermentation had been destroyed by the heating, which form a part of the regular process of packing, he did find evidences of poisonous matter, the product of a chemical action had by the acid in these vegetables on the tin of the cans.

But the most damaging statements in this connection are made by Professor E. B. Stuart, Secretary of the Illinois Microscopical Society. He states that in one can which had contained Lima beans the acid in this vegetable had been powerful enough to dissolve the tin plating of the can to that extent that only a few patches remained of the original lining. The beans themselves had absorbed this tin. Now, tin being an irritant poison when introduced into the human stomach, it will, when continuously taken in small doses, as would be the case with canned goods, develop symptoms of serious sickness and debility, the cause of which will often not be apparent even to the practiced eye of the physician. Prof. Stuart found a large number of other cans, all coming from one of the most responsible firms in Baltimore, to have been similarly affected by their contents, tomatoes, peaches and oysters. He, therefore, called attention to this hitherto little suspected source of danger and at the same time suggested the use of japanned iron or pure iron in the place of tin for cans, and instead of the solder he advises can wax, a hermetically sealing cement and insoluble in acid.

Prof. H. B. Hill, of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, fully corroborates the results of Prof. Stuart's experiments. He made numerous practical tests of the action which fruit or vegetable acids, such as malic acid, found in apples, peaches and tomatoes, citric acid, found in the lemon, oxalic acid, as found in rhubarb and sorrel, tartaric acid, found in the grape, or acetic acid, such as sugar will produce, would have upon tin. In every instance he found that after some time the tin would be affected more or less by these acids and that particles of tin, lead and copper would be floating in the vegetables confined in the cans.

Prof. Charles E. Monroe, of the United States Naval Academy, obtained similar results in a similar way, only the degree of poisonous substance taken up in this manner by vegetables or fruit differing.

In all these cases where poisoning by means of canned goods, of course only in a slow and light degree, was proved, the cans had been done up at least one year, and some several years. It appears that no disagreeable consequences from partaking of canned goods as food are at all likely to follow as long as these latter were fresh or at least less than one year old.

People who desire to exercise a reasonable amount of prudence in the preservation of their health would be wise to act on this hint and purchase no canned goods which are not vouchered as strictly fresh. And canners, will do well to put up their goods in a more substantial manner. It frequently happens that some one product, as, for instance, green corn, is good one year and exceedingly poor the next. If canners used iron packages or japanned cans, they might easily put up enough during the good year to last for several successive seasons, and if their goods were properly put up and sealed in safe packages the premium which they would command in the market would more than repay them for their extra labor and precaution.—Chicago Herald.

—The bathing master at Newport says that it is one thing to be able to wade out until the water touches the chin, and then swim quietly back to the beach with an occasional reassuring touch of a foot to the friendly bottom. It is quite another thing to make headway against a breaking sea, or to strike out calmly for shore when a boat upsets, or to keep a drowning person afloat until help comes. No one who hopes to make the accomplishment of service in the face of danger should be content with mere surface swimming in smooth water. The breaking of a wave in the face may easily disconcert one who is not used to it, and the only way to be a confident swimmer is to become indifferent to an occasional involuntary ducking.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

—Mariano Largo, the oldest of the Carmel Indians, died at Monterey, Cal., recently from the effects of a drunken debauch. He was in the neighborhood of one hundred years old.

Eruptive Diseases.

The great and important idea in such diseases is to secure an eruption as early as possible, as extensive as possible, to be kept out as long as possible. When this is done, with proper care of the diet, with an abundance of air and sunlight, the eyes covered with wet cloths, in cases of the measles, and, with sufficient water to drink, in small quantities, not too cold, there is no great danger, save in exceptional cases. It is enough to say that the child should be kept as comfortable as the circumstances will permit, neither too cold nor too hot, and, here I must protest against the more usual custom, based on ignorance, of keeping such too warm as means of preventing the recession of the eruption, which may result as well from too great warmth, as from coldness. Indeed, the usual custom of securing too much heat is attended by greater dangers than the opposite, since the heat is so debilitating as to diminish nature's recuperative powers, though both extremes are unfavorable. While all ordinary drinking may favor the appearance of the eruption, it is probable that warm drinks are the most favorable, unless the cool ones are so slightly cool as not to produce any re-action, though, if so cold as to shock the stomach, they will retard the appearance, or may cause it to disappear—always a misfortune. But friction of the surface, or any means of increasing its action, are still better, aiding nature in this important matter. In difficult cases, it is judicious to wet cloths, sprinkle on mustard or cayenne pepper, applying to the upper part of the chest, or any part where it is desirable to have the eruption. I know of no means of equal efficacy. If desirable to keep the eruption out, it is injudicious to disturb the digestive organs to any extent, either by rich and indigestible food or by physic. Indeed, I am unable to see any good reason for giving physic of any kind, or necessity, in any eruptive disease, simply because it is such a disease. There are other and better means for purifying the blood, as the use of the purest and plainest food, with an abundance of air and sunlight, general cleanliness included. The matter is of so much importance, and the popular ideas are so crude, that I repeat the advice not to keep the patient too warm. Such diseases are usually attended by considerable feverishness, with sufficient heat. Such usually suffer enough from the disease, without being tortured simply because they are sick! They do not need an excess of clothing, nor to be kept in hot rooms, breathing only hot air, that of a putrid character, the room being scrupulously closed, robbed of its vitalizing elements, loaded, as it is, with the foul emanations from the body. These diseases are intended to throw off an unusual amount of matters, accumulated in childhood, which fact indicates a large emanation from the surface, contaminating the air. The fact is sufficient to warrant an amount of air entirely unusual in this class of diseases.—Dr. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.

Our Health.

Notwithstanding all the attention that is paid to the subject of health, all the books and articles that are written upon it, all the people who make it their business to understand it, all the discoveries that are constantly being made in regard to it, how few people are thoroughly well, or how few, who are, take the pains to remain so! The healthy person often seems to regard illness as something quite foreign to himself, which he is in no more danger of falling heir to than he is of having the almond eyes and queues of the Chinese, the color of the Maylay, or the habits of the Hottentot; and he is always very ready to give everybody the recipe for being as healthy as he is. One will say that health consists in eating Graham bread; another, that it is sleeping in a cold room, with the windows ajar all the year round; with another it is the cold or hot bath; this one assures us that it is friction, that one that it is exercise, while a third believes it is thinking nothing at all about it; some rise to say that it is using tobacco, avoiding coffee and tea; that it is a vegetable diet, a good temper, easy circumstances, spring water, occupation, or happiness. All of these methods for procuring health have their disciples, and yet we all know individuals who pursue them without attaining the coveted condition, who deny themselves of all the luxuries of the table, and are no better for it; but the heroic treatment will not answer for everybody. There are people who catch cold if their sleeping-room window is left open in the winter, and there are prophets who tell us it is dangerous to sleep in a room with a temperature below fifty. We are inclined to believe in the regimen of happiness, for although all the happy people are not well, it is a great preventive and restorative, added to easy circumstances—scientists having lately ascertained that nothing is more baleful than worry. It is a fact, we think, that the ill-tempered are always out of health, always complaining of their liver or digestion; in truth, we suspect that all sickness arises from indigestion in the beginning, that is, from mal-assimilation, owing to which the system is imperfectly nourished. There may have been a time when ill health was the fashion, was thought to be poetical, an indication of refinement and aristocracy, but we know better to-day, having found that vigor is the passport to success.—Harper's Bazar.

They Don't Speak Now.

About two weeks ago two women met in a Woodward avenue street car, and when one complained that she was again without a cook the other replied:

"Ah! I have a jewel of a girl! She's neat, prompt, respectful, and I only pay her twelve shillings a week."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; she's fresh from the country and doesn't know that she can get more wages."

The same two women met in the same car again yesterday, but alas! how changed the situation! They stared frigidly at each other without even a nod, and they would not sit on the same side of the car. The twelve-shilling jewel of a girl is now receiving two dollars per week in the kitchen of the woman who was without a cook. Hence the ruction, which will descend to the third generation.—Detroit Free Press.